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THE ABSURDITY OF THE DIET OFTEN PRESCRIBED FOR ATHLETES.

GETTING FAT ON RUM AND MILK.

How Prince Bismarck Reduced His Ponderous Weight.

SCHEMES ADOPTED BY EMINENT MEN.

(CONTINUED FROM THE DISPATCH.)

HEN a man has reached that stage in life where he begins to take care of his health he usually has a large and diverting assortment of ailments to fondle and care for. Every time I pick up a newspaper or review a book I run across an article of more or less interest on the subject of health. It is supposed by some sportsmen managers and the editors of the better monthly publications to be the most interesting subject to the public except the never-ending controversy on the various ramifications and relations of man and wife. As everybody is writing about health, how to get fat, how to get lean, how to increase bodily vigor, and so on, I propose to have a seat at myself.

My experience in athletics has been tolerably large. Beside personal efforts in that direction, I have watched the athletes of various countries with a good deal of interest. I have come to the conclusion, as far as underneath is concerned, that every man must of necessity be his own judge. For instance, I have known two men to start in to train on exactly similar lines, but with thoroughly opposite results.

A FAILURE.

I think the most amusing thing of the sort that I ever knew was the experience of Colonel John McCall. Some years ago he decided that he was growing too stout. He weighed 260 or 270 pounds, his activity became a thing of the past and the girth of his waist grew visibly. He went up to the New York Athletic Club and put himself under the supervision of a famous trainer named Colonel McCull with great vivacity and announced that he would begin by taking ten pounds a week off of him. When he developed the portly form of the athlete, and at the end of the first series of thick "sweaters" over his round body, bound a handkerchief around his neck, and led him on a run around the club grounds, and then the gymnasium. The result was an unmitigated failure, and after an untempered attack about the size of person which the Colonel set down and berated and beat, he was a man of perseverance and clinging to the end of the chain had made the circuit three or four times he went down to the third floor of the gymnasium, lifted dumbbells, swung Indian clubs, took a cold plunge, and rubbed down and walked back again, resuming the same course until it startled the entire household. The following day he went through the same performance, except that he ran half a mile longer, and at the end of the second day he scales with a glowing face and a heart full of hope. He had gained exactly eight and a half pounds. The trainer was mute in astonishment, and then the gentleman who told the Colonel had not taken account of the fact that he had not eaten anything during the last week. The result was that the next week he started around the place with a vengeance and startled the neighbors, was punned and ridiculed by the crowd of spectators, lived on a fighting man's diet and finished the week 11 pounds heavier than he had begun. Thereupon he definitely abandoned the idea and returned to his old world-wide repute. Throughout all this turbulent and violent exercise the Colonel did not touch a vegetable because vegetables do not only save his skin, but they are a recognized rule among trainers.

A VEGETABLE DIET.

A short time ago Colonel McCall fell ill in Chicago. He came to New York, put himself under a physician's care and was told that he must reduce his weight. He tried the usual means of doing so, and many times without success. The physician told him to go off and eat nothing but vegetables. The Colonel did so, and the result was that he not only saved his life, but he recovered in six weeks. I have never seen a looking better than he is now. I give this illustration to show that rules in training are both.

To give another. About three years ago Mr. Ariel N. Barney weighed 117 pounds. He was then subject to hemorrhages, was as thin as a rail, but more than that he was very nervous and sensitive. A man who is ill in health. His thinness amounted almost to emaciation. Mr. Barney had a long siege of illness, in which hemorrhages were frequent, and his life was in one time threatened. He was nearly dead with no vitality at all. He was talking to an old doctor in a country town in the West one day when he received a prescription for a tonic and meat. He ate it for several days and found it a specimen of stalemanhood. He is to-day a powerful figure in business circles and has practically doubled his strength. The country doctor with whom Mr. Barney talked said that after a good investigation he had come to the conclusion that milk and rum were two of the best things for him. He gave him an argument on the subject, and finally convinced him. He became convinced, and he began to drink rum and milk within an hour. The doctor was not pleased to his taste at first, but he soon learned that it was a healthy drink by any means, but he stuck to it like major. Whenever he was near a barroom, a restaurant, or even in a private house, he would find milk and rum, and plenty occurred. He began by drinking six glasses a day, and made it a point to increase the number and keep a record in his diary of the number of glasses he swallowed. Dr. Robertson, a good deal of popular reputation, accepted every invitation to drink with alacrity.

RUM AND MILK.

He poured about a sixthteenth of an inch of rum in the bottom of the glass, filled it with milk, and drank it. He continued this for seven days. Eighteen glasses a day of milk, including what he drank in the morning and night before retiring, formed the average for the third month after he had begun the diet. It was very successful. He had not gained a pound. Further than this he discovered no good effects of the milk, but he stuck to it with invincible determination, and he never felt hungry. He felt that his clothes were growing tight on him, and then he built up in every possible direction at a rate that surprised his friends. He felt that it was necessary for him to get an entirely sensible coat, and he bought one. He lost weight, and added every five or six months, and after adding 89 pounds to his weight his delight the change gave way to alarm. He went to Dr. Robertson, a New York City physician, and he was given a course of advice to test the solidity of his newly-acquired avoirdupois by lots of exercise. Mr. Barney began by rising every morning and running and riding a short distance once a day. Central Park.

LADY BELE'S CHAT.


A New Method of Disgusting Swell Households in Gotham.

MORRISSEY'S MEEK-LOOKING WIDOW

Mrs. BALLINGTON BOOTH now the Pet of the Modish Set.

GREEK GOWNS AT THE COSTUME BALL

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

 NEW YORK, February 16.—The Payson Greens are "in society." Otherwise I would write of them as the family of Mr. Payson Greene, or merely as the Greens. But it is a new custom to speak of every swill household as the John Greens, the William Greens, and the Payson Greens. The Payson Greens are fashionable and respectable, and aren't a word of any sort to say against them. But they have provided a bit of news for this letter, and so must be named in print. They are closely related to the official representative of Persia in Washington and this city, and from that source learned earlier than anybody else at a distance that the Shah of Persia had decided to make a visit to America in the spring. The Payson Greens conceived that it would be a delightful thing to bring this Eastern potentate to America as their guest. They made overtures in a formal and proper way, and for a time were encouraged to expect a successful issue; but they have just now received a communication from the private secretary of the Shah, through a deviously official process. The invitation is declined with thanks, and the Shah will not visit America. His Occidental Mightiness really had a notion of crossing the ocean. I have seen the royal missive in the original, and also in an English translation. But it is from another source, equally trustworthy, that I learned the person who was invited to visit America, even under a disguising name and semblance. It is that he mistrusts the people of any republic, and deems himself in danger of assassination. He goes beyond the bounds of monarchism, and counts himself only after much hesitation that he has concluded to venture in Republican France. He has arranged to arrive in Paris in May, and the person who tells me it thinks that he may give up that portion of his tour even yet. So the Payson Greens will not spring a live Shah upon society.

FORCED to look nearer home for objects of social interest, I found one in the hands of some, motherly-looking matron next to whom I rode a hundred miles in a palace car one day this week. Who can help guessing at the character of fellow-travelers? I made out this lady to be a gentle, churchly woman of the period of the late Victorian age. She was nervous, and I am unable on account of the trivial nature that I was reading. But presently she took up the morning's newspaper and turned to the page of sporting news. She did not shift her shocked eyes from that part of the Journal on discovering what it was. My wonder increased as I discerned that she was actually reading the matter—that it wasn't baselish that she was perusing. I thought she was on account of the prize-fighting news. I was interested. This seemed phenomenal, and I called my companion's attention to it. He was a resident of Troy, N. Y., and he said: "That is the woman who married the famous pugilist and gambler. She is now residing in Troy, where she was born, and where she married Morrissey. Does she care for prize-fighting news? She was the perusal of prize-fight news sufficient answer? No, she is quite as amiable and charitable as she looks, but she has always been a sport herself, and remains so in disposition, and she is a daughter of a daughter of a steamboat captain, and a decided beauty. She married Morrissey early in his fame as a pugilist, and inherited and inherited her reputation. I think I can remember well how she used to teach their boy, when he was a baby, to put up his little fists in fighting style, and it is vivid in my mind that I saw her, in the very same feminine neighbor on at least one occasion. Yes; widow of John Morrissey reads every line of prize-fighting news that she comes across, but always with supreme contempt for the men whom the rogues as degenerate successors of her husband."

MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH looks less like a commanding religious leader, and she lacks leadership, but nobody doubts her sincere activity as the practical head of the Salvation Army in this country, and she is just now carrying her warfare with all her might into fashionable precincts. She is holding afternoon conversations with all the society leaders, and is a great favorite, and is trying to interest them in her work. Our ladies are too busy just now with the final dancing of the season to lend their ears to Mrs. Booth, but when Lent puts a stop to the dancing, and when the time comes to be heard to her, and I shouldn't wonder if a sort of crusade by modish women among the benighted poor ensued. Meanwhile Mrs. Booth is a far more than a social success, both practical and comical character. The Salvation lassies, you know, are accustomed to parody all the popular songs of the day, using the tunes as they find them, and their rendition is a sort of a variety revival purposes. Has "Razzie Dazzie" reached your ears? It is a bacchanalian duty originally sung by three roistering lads, and their rendition is a sort of a variety refrain, "razzie dazzie, razzie dazzie," is slang for a dilapidated and dilapidated condition of drunkenness. The song is introduced in several other places all the way through the evening, and is whistled and hummed all around town. A trio of Brooklyn Salvation lassies got up pious rhymes for the tune, but retained the razzie dazzie chorus, what they wanted to know of Mrs. Booth is whether they could sing it at their meetings, with an imitation of the manner in which it is given on the stage—that is, marching recklessly to the music, and shouting the refrain of "Razzie Dazzie." Mrs. Booth thought over, and decided to let them do it.

At this great and continually talked-about ball in the Academy of Design there was one thing especially noticeable. The artists and their wives were an entirely separate element from the blending mass of society people. The artists stood about in little groups, dancing solemnly, and a Broadway hostess, who was a great favorite as a canaille. Of course, all the "real people" knew one another, and they recognized the outsiders immediately. This opposition of sets rendered the evening the worst of the evening, beginning to end. All the beauty of the occasion was for the eye. In a visual sense it was one of the most exquisite things ever exposed at New York. The room was a beautiful, its gorgeous decorations of tapestries, antique carvings and silk hangings, together with the lines of water-color pictures crowded against the walls, and the effect of the fine that it could only be compared with a garden of the gods. The effect of the rooms as they were at 12 o'clock thronged with people was a most beautiful thing. The room was a most beautiful thing.

War Would be Impossible if Art's Charms Were Universally Felt.

ITS INFLUENCE IN DAILY LIFE.

Man's Nature Elevated by the Effects of Beautiful Objects.

OUIDA EXPLAINS HER IDEAS UPON ART.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DUE)

HOLD that high end delicate tastes render low and gross ones unattractive. Love of art will not keep a man immaculate, but in nine cases out of ten it will make him turn aside from coarse temptations. The arts give an occupation to the mind which enlarges the sympathies and refines the perceptions, and tends to keep the soul free of what is gross. The arts are the quality of life; they have nothing of the brutalities of sport, the egotisms of science; the ferocities of physiological experiment are wholly absent to it; it lives by light, by peace, by sympathy, by loveliness.

If all the world were penetrated with the charm of art, war would have little place on earth; to the man who is sensible of the harmonies of nature, and the beauties of the world, would burn Notre Dame like straw stack and shell Lincoln Cathedral as indifferently as a barrel must ever seem the most barbarous of the follies of humanity; and that the Louvre and the Vatican, the Pinacothek and the Hermitage must be exposed to the perils of dynamite must ever appear as infamous, as deplorable, to those by whom the smile of Gioconda and the Fawn has been the only end of the human warfare which realized. Art is in its essential essence merciful and kindly; theatresphere of it may be sometimes cold as the moonlight is cold; but in its very heart, it is accompanied by dewy beneficent and refreshing to the world.

ART'S INFLUENCE IN DAILY LIFE.

There is a pure pleasure in beautiful lines and shapes which carries with it into daily life a sense of joy and of well-being. A milk jug shaped beautifully, less its grace, like a flower, to the domestic hand on which it stands. To use a well-made and symmetrical object is to the cultured soul a "pleasure" and a "refinement of moment. The introduction of beauty into common objects has become usual in the present day, though not yet universal. The milk jug, the vase, the bowl, the still weighted with many a delicate, and unhappily most of the usages and customs of modern life are such as to make beauty in them impossible. All the artistic effort in the world could not make an unlovely, beautiful, or a fork, or a boat, or an omnibus, or a railway station, or a factory chimney; if Phidias himself returned to earth he could do nothing with any of these.

Before the necessity to disfigure the face of all countries with wire lines such as are demanded by telegraph and telephone companies, the soul of an artist must lament with him; and there is a cruel exultation that the appalling ugliness of the new forms of modern invention will totally affect the imagination, the imaginations of coming generations if in its development, and in its hideousness. As yet there does not seem much hope that it will do so; and the rivers turned into choking streams of grime as the smoke of the engines, the smoke of the instance burned under an immovable darkness of coal dust and coal smoke, as in Sheffield and Manchester, are at present the terriblest of the modern deformations of the world to man. If the influences of art were in one-hundredth degree as widespread as they are, and men of the human race would refuse to tolerate conditions of life so repulsive, the material benefits of invention far too dearly purchased by the pollution of atmosphere, the degradation of the daylight and the obliteration of landscape.

THE EFFECT OF COSTUME.

As the great excellences of Greek sculpture was to be traced to the daily spectacle of the nude human figure, seen everywhere, in the baths, in the games, in the gardens, excellent in the eyes of the Greeks, and glorious in its supple and elastic grace, the painting of the Middle Ages owed its greatness to the beauty of color, of costume, of the life of warlike bravery, of architectural and interior decoration, and the surrounding and saturated the daily lives of the painters. There is a kinship among the arts which brings them all upon the threshold of the home, which one has been installed as divinity.

Who can feel the architectural glories of Chateaux or Lens, of Cologne or Canterbury, and not feel the influence of the organ and the voices of the choir? Who can contemplate the figures of the "Night," and the "Day" and not be sensible to the traceries of the "Sistine"? The sight of the Tour de St. Jacques, the spire of the tower, the spire of the springlike sky is worth more to the soul of the passerby in Paris than the cheap fairs of the way or the machine made trappings of the modern show. But then of the passerby must have the eyes that see St. Jacques. Is not that education the highest and most truly useful which bestows such a keen and intelligent eye, and such intellectual susceptibilities and makes them stronger than the physical appetite is a gain to mankind so long as the physical side of existence is not repressed in an unnatural manner, as it is repressed by authorities, and all persuasions, whether religious or philosophic. Art does not repress it but refines it and keeps it in subordination to the dominating side of the mind.

SYMPATHY WITH INANIMATE THINGS.

A great love of art creates a great companionship in inanimate things, a great independence of human sympathies, and a sense of serenity such as merely physical pleasures cannot give. It is difficult to care for the things of the world, to be attached to them and remain wholly insensible to the sufferings of others. Not idly were the muses symbolized as sisters and pictured as hand-in-hand entering the world, and the world entering them, their elevating influence in modern times because they have been too closely associated to trades. Their temples have been allowed too often to become mere workshops, and the world has been too often the work of them upon the human mind is great and their soothing charm can never be resisted by those on whom it has once cast its spell. The world is a better place, a better place than they could afford, but it is better spent there than through away on low or frivolous pleasures.

To purchase gaudy tapestries for your bedroom is better than to gamble or to be ruined by dissipation. The motive may be purely self-indulgence in the one as in the other, but the former egoism has a certain nobility, the latter is a degradation. To soothe the mind and has beneficial influences upon others, while the latter egoism is a corruption, leading, and has effects which are pernicious and leading upon the world, and the world is a better place.

It cannot be too repeatedly insisted on that the arts soften, lighten and ennoble the life. The mere pursuit of gain is base; the mere pursuit of pleasure is a degradation; modern life are at once intoxicating and leading.

OUIDA.

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The valuable curative properties of Allico's Plaster are due to the employment of